ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

Salsette Island

"The Eyes of the World are Upon You…" As national elections loom in the Indian Union, debate rages over granting clones full citizenship. A shadow war begins, and Jinteki will stop at nothing to make sure their most lucrative product remains just that: a product. With this cycle you can explore the largest megapolis in India, and expand your decks in novel ways with new consumer grade hardware and corporate alliances.

New Symbols

The following new symbols appear on cards and stand for the four corporations:

HB: Haas-Bioroid
NBN: NBN
Jinteki
Weyland Consortium

Family Ties

With perhaps a few exceptions, life was good. Krishnan Sareen closed his eyes and let the hoverbed drift in the breeze over the pool, his hand trailing in the cool water as the sun warmed him.

There wouldn't be many more days like this left to enjoy; monsoon season was almost upon them. It always came suddenly, presaged only by a few days of oppressive atmospheric pressure felt even more keenly up here on the 2,001st floor of the Tabrez Imperial.

The buzzing PAD at his side interrupted his reverie. Sighing, he flipped up the virt display and gazed down at the device inset into the hoverbed's armrest. "Yes?"

"Krishnan—you have not been returning my calls. We were supposed to have a meeting this morning." Hashu Shetty's face was stern as ever.

"Dr. Shetty, I am afraid I was unavoidably detained. What is so urgent that it cannot wait until tomorrow?"

"I heard you spent last week on a yacht in Bombay Harbour."

"Indeed. With Vice President Rai, if you must know."

"I know. And yet we have seen no sign of the deal you promised. Is Rai ready to arrange the contributions, or not?"

"These things take time, doctor. Let me do what I'm good at and you stick to…well, whatever it is you do."

"While you sun yourself and attend boat parties, your sister visits slums, smartfabric factories, and backstreet clone barracks. She has opened talks with the Temple of the Liberated Mind, and the media are saying that we have lost our way—that we care more for the plight of clones than the real poor of Mumbad. You said you would talk to her! No matter how much you court Jinteki, so long as we are perceived to be a part of the Simulant Abolitionist Movement, they will not back us in the election."

Krishnan sighed. "Have faith old man—come Election Day, Akshara will do the right thing. Good day." Krishnan cut Shetty off and puffed air through his cheeks.

"Kris!" Shara's voice called out. "We do not need Jinteki's support, and I would thank you not to make promises on my behalf."

Krishnan hadn't heard her approach, but there she was, standing beside the pool in a white-and-gold smartfabric sari, her eyes blazing with indignation.

"Shara, dear sister, I was merely trying to smooth things over. You know how Shetty worries—and you don't have to goad him so." Krishnan was thinking on his feet. Or rather, while reclining.

"I will not moderate our position now, not after we've come so far. The right of clones to fair representation is the one thing that sets us apart from all the other parties. And we're winning Kris; the mood is changing. Do you really want to let this country slip back into the caste system? It's medieval!"

"The old system didn't do our family any harm. Or have you forgotten where our money comes from?"

"All the more reason to make amends now. We can't change the past, but we can shape the future."

Krishnan gave his sister a sarcastic round of applause. "Save it for the campaign trail, Shara. You know I support you whatever you decide—you're the party leader. Just throw the old man a bone, eh?"

Akshara turned on her heels and made for the penthouse, pausing as she reached the tall transplas doors. "One more thing, Kris."

Krishnan stared at his sister's back over the brim of his mirrorshades. "Oh?"

"Shetty is right. I've seen your accounts. There will be no more of this foolishness before the election. I've already seen to it." With that, she disappeared into the house.

Krishnan scowled long after she'd gone. There was an hour of sun left, but he wouldn't be able to enjoy it now. He left the pool, threw on a robe and retreated to his office, locking the door and running security scans before settling into his chair and dialing in a PAN.

"This had better be important, Sareen."

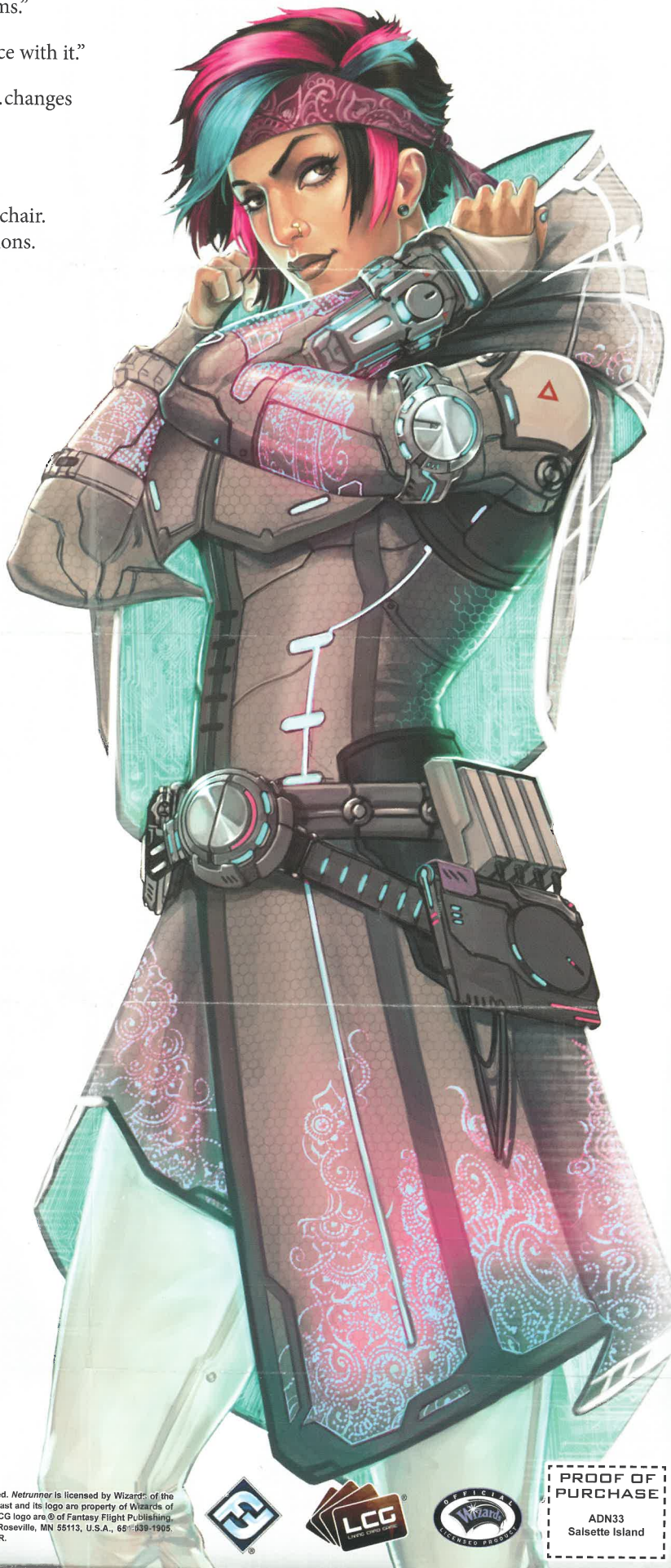
"It is, Mr. Rai." Even Krishnan realized that he'd exhausted the Jinteki VP's patience for small talk. "I agree to your terms."

"And you understand what this means? Made your peace with it."

"Mr. Rai, it will be better for everyone when my sister…changes her ways. It can't happen soon enough."

"Very good, Mr. Sareen. I shall be in touch."

Krishnan Sareen closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. Yes, life was good. And soon, there would be no exceptions.



Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Lukas Litzsinger with Erik Dahlman and Damon Stone

Android Universe created by: Kevin Wilson with Daniel Lovat Clark

Android Story Team: Daniel Lovat Clark, Michael Hurley, Lukas Litzsinger, Katrina Ostrander, Zoë Robinson, and Damon Stone

Insert Fiction: Mark A. Latham

Editing: Jacob Morris, Katrina Ostrander, and Nick Sephton

Android: Netrunner Graphic Design: Michael Silsby with Chris Beck, Shaun Boyke, Dallas Mehlhoff, Andrew Navaro, and Evan Simonet

Expansion Graphic Design: Mercedes Opheim with Chris Hosch

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: Liiga Smilshkalne

Art Direction: Zoë Robinson

Managing Art Director: Andy Christensen

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

LCG Manager: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Executive Game Producer: Michael Hurley

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

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